

The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1836.

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The following article is capital in its way and the London Times, from which we take it, says is not fictitious.

MEETING OF BARBERS.—Sunday evening.—In consequence of the authorities of the several metropolises having resolved to put the existing laws for the observance of the Sabbath, after the 31st instant, in force, a meeting of the barbers, who have taken alarm at the announcement, took place on Tuesday evening at the sign of the Prince William Henry, Bermondsey street. About 60 shavers had assembled an hour and a half after the appointed time for commencing business, which however was still longer delayed in consequence of the general attachment they evinced to the pot and the pipe. At length having raised a cloud of mungos smoke which rendered them nearly invisible to each other, they began to think of electing a chairman. After 20 persons had been vehemently called upon to take this post of honor, which they politely declined.

Mr. Leaky consented to take the chair, and he appeared to have fortified himself for the task before him by copious libations from the quart pots, upon which he had justly conferred the right to share in his patronymic. He began by attempting to read what he called King Charles's Hat for the better observance of the Sabbath day.

After playing sad havoc with King Charles's English, he came to the exceptions, and observed—I see that servants are allowed to dress neat on Sundays, and why should we hair? ("Hear, hear," "Bravo!") I think it very hard as shavers may sell tuckered on Sundays, and people may dress fish, if we aren't allowed to dress ladies' fronts. ("Bravo!") They don't do people for, for selling milk. Where do they get the milk from? Don't they milk the cow first? And ain't it a shame as fellows may make a noise in the street crying their skylark, what they manufacture with chalk and water, and we mustn't mix up a bit of lather? ("Hear.") Our parson says as works of necessity and charity are allowable. Is not it a work of necessity for a man to get shaved? Talk about shaving on a Sunday night, it's all stuff. Why, some men's beards will grow up in a night, as you all very well know, gentlemen, and how could they decent to church if they don't get shaved on a Sunday morning? ("Hear.") And then I says it's a work of charity for us to shave 'em, for it ain't every man as can shave himself, especially working men, for they can't handle no tools but their own, and some on 'em drinks a good deal, (hic cup) and then their hand shakes, and you knows, gentlemen, as some on us as last customers for having shaken hands, when we happened to give 'em a nick accidentally. ("Laughter.") I say it is charity, for though they pays us, it ain't always easy work to shave a Sunday morning's beard, perhaps a week's growth, and I've had some stiff ones in my time. ("Hear," and laughter.) If you keeps open you'll be fined 5s. ("Hear.")

Mr. Lloyd on hearing this bristled up into a dreadful passion, and roared out, "I won't shut up for nobody." The Chairman.—Then keep open, and be— Mr. Lloyd.—I won't shut up. I'll see them all—first. If they summones me, I'll stick the summons on the shutter and appeal to the people. By— I'll breed a revolution. ("Cries of—"Sit down." "You're drunk." &c.) I won't sit down. I'm an cut-and-out Radical. I'm a news-vender, and I sell the unstamped.

Mr. Pott.—Oh, you and your unstamped too. What have we do with that hair? That's the way the respectability of our profession gets injured, by barbers dealing in papers. It's abominable. ("Hear," and hisses.)

Mr. Lloyd.—Injures the profession! No, more 'other. ("Hear," and uproar.) I'll tell you what injures the profession—under price men, and you're one of 'em.

Mr. Pott.—You're a—har. Mr. Lloyd.—I advise you, Mr. Pott, to shut your pot up, or else I'll spoil your mug for you! ("Cheers, and cries of—"Order."")

The Chairman.—Order, gentlemen. I'm quite ashamed of you. ("Hear, hear.") We don't come here to fight and lather one another. ("Hear.") Sit down, Mr. Lloyd; you are weary insulting.

Mr. Lloyd.—I won't sit down. I ain't consulted no one. ("Hisses.")

An old Member of the fraternity here sentimentally remarked, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, "Well, I never blushed for the shaving trade before!"

The Chairman.—Gentlemen, I call on our worthy deputy to make a few observations. The Deputy rose slowly from his seat, and replied gravely—"I will. A still tongue makes a wise head, and I shan't say no more." ("Laughter and murmurs.")

At this stage of the proceedings a high-price man and a low priced man had stripped to fight, and began to lather away in good earnest, each encouraged by his party. After a short brush, some of the less pugacious interfered, and the combatants were separated. Great uproar, however, still prevailed, until

The Chairman obtained attention by bawling out, "All you who means to keep open your shops on Sundays hold up your hands. All all! Now mind, all hold up!" ("Cheers.")

The greater portion of the meeting obeyed the mandate of the Chairman.

Mr. Wells who appeared to be the only sensible man amongst them, then rose and said he had not come here to speak, but seeing the manner in which they conducted themselves, he could not refrain from calling them back, if possible, to a sense of decency. If he had known that they intended to amuse, or rather abuse, each other, in that disgusting way, he would not have come. It was really not the kind of behaviour he expected from persons who had to wait upon gentlemen, and sometimes upon ladies; and they ought to remember that they were persons of some

consequence in society, having a great deal to do with the heads of the nation. ("Laughter and cheers.") He recommended them to keep their shops open until church time, and to conduct their necessary business on Sundays with the greatest decorum. If they acted thus, he thought they would not be fined, or if any should be fined, the whole body should subscribe to pay it. He concluded by proposing a resolution to that effect.

Mr. Lloyd seconded the motion. Mr. Davis said he had been fined himself by Mr. Chambers, the magistrate, who inflicted the penalty, admitted the hardship of the case, and said that people ought not to be prevented from getting shaved on Sundays. One of the overseers of the parish in which he lived had told him that the law would be strictly enforced in every case. He, therefore, recommended every one should shut up his shop. ("Great uproar.")

Mr. White said he was surgeon's barber, and was often called to a neighboring hospital to shave broken heads on Sundays, and had once been summoned for so doing. For his own part, he should like to have his Sunday to himself. ("Continued uproar.")

Mr. Payne asked the last speaker whom he worked for? He replied, that he had formerly been employed by a lady, to whom he was now married. This was flatly contradicted by the quist in no very agreeable terms, and a "row" of the most indecorous nature ensued.

The Chairman in vain endeavored to obtain a hearing, although he announced that he had brought *Burns's Justice* in his pocket for their edification.

More than 20 persons were talking at top of their voices at one time, so that it was impossible to catch anything but an incomprehensible jargon, composed of expressions which fell from the different noisy orators, something like the following:—"No humbugging chin-scraper shall ever—like customers pulled by the nose—and fined for charitable actions and keeping my kids—in the wig!—I never shave under 2d.—you hair—order—flee—soap—hot water—razors—slabby—rascel—thick—William—gentlemen—order!"—and so on.

At length Mr. Wells insisted upon having his motion put. The Chairman to read it, but could not; he therefore put it in his own way—"all you that will keep open hold up your hand." He declared it carried, and being asked to put the contrary he replied, "Oh we don't want any contraries." The above may appear barbaresque, but is in fact, and proves the maxim, that truth is stranger than fiction. These *Barbaresque* proceedings ended in a dispute as to who should pay the expense of printing the placards for calling the meeting together, and the chairman with two or three of his supporters, was left in the lurch by the rest.

Extract from the address delivered by Edward Everett, at South Deerfield, in commemoration of the battle fought at Bloody Brook, in King Philip's war, Sept. 18, 1675. We select a passage which immediately follows an account of the manner in which that aboriginal monarch was killed:

Such was the fate of Philip, which was immediately followed by a termination of the war in every quarter, except the eastern frontier. It was a war of extermination between his followers and the whites—happy, if the kindred tribes had learned wisdom from the fatal lesson. Thus fell King Philip! The ground on which we stand is wet with the blood which flowed beneath the tomahawk of his young men; and the darkness of night in these peaceful vales was often lighted up, in days of yore, by the flames of burning villages, kindled by his warriors. But that blood has sunk, not forgotten, but forgiven, into the ground. Have and desist on longer stalk through these happy fields; and as we meet to-day to perform the simple and affecting rites of commemoration over the grave of the gallant victims of the struggle, let us drop a compassionate tear also for these, the bright children of the forest—the orphans of Providence—whose cruelties have long since been expiated by their fate. It could not be expected of them to enter into the high councils of heaven. It was not for them—dark and un-instructed even in the wisdom of man—to comprehend the great design of Providence, or which their wilderness was the appointed theatre. It may well have excited their sagacity as it baffles ours, that this benign work should often have moved forward through paths ways dripping with blood. Yes! the savage fought a relentless war; but he fought for his native land—for the ground that covered the bones of his parents—he fought for his squaw and papoose—no, I will not defraud them of the sacred names which our hearts understand—he fought for his wife and children.

He would have been not a savage, he would have been a being, for which language has no name—for which neither human nor brute existence has a parallel—he had not fought for them. Why, the very wild cat, the wolf, will spring at the throat of the hunter, that enters his den—the bear, the outlaw, will fight for his hollow tree. The Indian was a man—a degraded, ignorant savage, but a human creature—aye, and he had the feelings of a man.

President Mather, in relation to the encounter of the 1st of August, 1675, the last but one of the war, says, "Philip the last of his kind, who had been the last of his race, passed the last year of his life in a manner which the meanest slave that ever trembled beneath the lash of the task master, could have no cause to envy. Rousseau, might indeed be pointed out, as in some degree, an exception; but it is well known, that the enthusiastic phil-

sopher was a miserable and disappointed man. Hemet death is true, with something like calmness. But he had no pure and beautiful hopes beyond the perishing things of the natural world. He loved the works of God for their exceeding beauty, not for their manifestation of an overruling intelligence. Life had become a burthen to him; but his spirit recoiled at the dampness and stench of the sepulchre—the cold, unbroke deep and the slow wasting away of mortality. He perished, a worshipper of that beauty, which but faintly shadows forth its unimaginable glory of its Creator. At the closing hour of day, when the broad West was glowing like the gates of Paradise, and the vine hung hills of this beautiful land were bathed in the rich light of sunset, the philosopher departed. The last glance of his glaring eye, was to be an everlasting farewell to existence, the asphyxiation of a god-like intellect to holiness and beauty. The blackness of darkness was before him; the valley of the shadow of death was to him unescapable and eternal; the better land beyond it was shrouded from his vision. [Whittier.]

from the New-York Mirror.

THE TEMPTATION OF RACHAEL MORRISON.

It was clear, sunny September morning—bright and cheerful. Autumn was stealing not triding over the landscape, and Rachael Morrison looked out upon a joyous picture as she sat within the window of her father's house.

Her two younger sisters had spread a richly fringed carpet beneath a verandah that was sustained by clustering vines; the elder of them had filled a basket with the rich clusters of the purple grape and held it up, a double temptation to little Miriam and a bounding greyhound, the pet and torment of the family. Kate Morrison, the tempter, would not however, suffer either of them to touch a single grape until she had first presented the basket to Rachael; indeed her youthful sisters loved Rachael dearly, and loved her the more for that the rose was fading from her cheek, and her lips seldom smiling as was their custom in former times. I have often observed that the love of children increases with the illness of a friend or companion, a beautiful illustration of the disinterested nature of true love.

There is a bunch, Rachael, a bunch fit for a queen! The doctor said you might eat grapes."

"Thank you, dear Kate, they are very fine, indeed; but you should not have tempted Miriam and Fina with them."

"Oh!" replied Kate, laughing, "I love to tempt them, to tease them a little, it does them good."

"No, I do not think so," said Rachael. "I am not fond of quoring from the holy scriptures on trivial occasions, but you must remember we pray not to be led into temptation; and, Kate, looking on the temptation with which you tempted your little sister and the pretty hound, made me think—"

"What, sister?"

"Upon mine own!"

"Yours, Rachael! I did not tempt you with grapes."

"Grapes!" repeated Rachael Morrison, smiling, though there was sadness in the smile. "No, not with grapes; yet I have had my temptation."

"I will tell you when you are old enough to understand its nature."

"But I am old enough, Rachael. I shall be seven next month. Perhaps, sister, you were tempted to tell a story?"

"No."

"To wear tight shoes at the dancing lesson?"

"No!"

"To go into the garden and gather cherries without leave?"

"To ride the kicking pony?"

"Indeed, my Kate, you need not attempt to find out. Listen to me; if it pleases heaven that I should live until you have completed your seventeenth year, I will relate to you my temptation; if (listen to me, Katharine) I am taken from you into the world of spirits, before you attain the beauty and incur the dangers of womanhood, I will leave a written testimony that may warn you how to avoid the sorrows which have planted and watered the willows that are already growing over my early grave."

Kate did not quite understand what her sister meant, but she saw that her eyes were filled with tears, and so she crept silently to her side and looked up into her face, and felt her heart beat within her.

A little time and the sharp winds of an unusually cold spring sent, the physician said, poor Rachael Morrison to an early grave.

There was one who knew otherwise, who knew that the iron had entered her soul, and festered in its core, and that her body was too delicate to withstand the struggles of her mind. Her mother closed her eyes and sorrowed over her bier, but not as one having no hope, for her last blessed words

were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" There was much mourning in the bereaved dwelling. Kate was able to feel and tell how truly she missed

"The glancing of her sister's eye,
The waving of her hair,
The footsteps lightly gliding by,
The hand so small and fair."

But little Miriam soon forgot her troubles in the excitement of black frocks and a crape bonnet.

Years pass, as well as months; and when we review them, we think they pass as quickly. The retrospect of both is nearly the same; but the prospect, how different. Katherine Morrison had completed her seventeenth year, and was already arrived at the dangerous distinction of being a belle and a beauty. She had almost ceased to remember that her sister, whose beautiful form was now part and parcel of the earth wherein it lay, left a written testimony of her trials; that she laid open her heart's feelings, hopes and disappointments for her advantage; that to prevent her sister's tears she had re-shed her own, for she had torn afresh wounds which time had comparatively healed, and had again counted the drops of blood distilled from her lacerated heart. "My blessed child!" said her mother, "have you forgotten poor Rachael's legacy? how she bequeathed to the knowledge of her 'temptation' that your fate might not be as hers?"

She laid a few leaves of paper upon her table, fairly and plainly written; and Kate retraced her lamp, and flung the garland from her brow, that she might read the following story of her dead sister.

"A woman, Kate, a young unmarried woman's trials, are generally of the afflictions: trials of temper, trials of judgment, trials of power, come afterward; but a young girl's trials, are of the heart."

"I hope you have not yet understood what it is to love; unless indeed, you love what is lovely, lovely not only for time, but for eternity. The impression made on a young heart may be considered light; and yet it is long, oh, how long! before it wears out; I found it so. The remembrance of your sister, of the once living reality of her who pens these lines, will, before you read them, have faded to an outlined vision. You will remember a thin, pale girl, who loved flowers and music and for whom you gathered the finest grapes; and the thought of her will bring back her last kiss, her white brow, her dead hand, the never to be forgotten touch of death! the tears, a mother's precious tears! and then the funeral! Aye, my beloved sister, it will be a vision, but we may learn wisdom from such."

"I did think too highly of my acquisitions, and practiced them more for the sake of display, than a desire to give pleasure. They attracted the attention of one who, possessed of much beauty, much talent, and some, indeed many, amiable qualities, was nevertheless deficient in the great requisites for domestic, much less Christian happiness. For a time, we were as two gay butterflies sporting in the sunshine; I learned to see with his eyes, to hear with his ears, to feel his feelings, to live but in his presence; and yet I hardly knew it: was not that strange? One of the mysteries of love; perpetually denying his influence with my lips, lying to my heart; practicing self-deception; but however I might have succeeded in deceiving myself, I did not, could not deceive him. He knew his power, and while he loved me, [Ah! Kate, take my experience with you into the world, and remember that while men talk of love, women feel it!—loved me, he believed well, yet endeavored to laugh at my 'amiable weakness, early prejudices, want of worldly knowledge.' Such he termed in honied words, woman's best and surest safeguard, her refuge, her hope, her shield and buckler. At first I was alarmed but he never wounded my feelings. Day by day, secure of my affections, he became more careless in his expressions, though he gave me no reason to suppose that he was guilty of infidelity. I wanted the courage and in truth, the Christian knowledge to combat his assertions; and for a long time I sheltered myself under the hope, almost the belief that he did but jest. And awful as it was still it was a comfort, a coward's comfort, truly, that has no truth for its foundation. My dear mother, too, trembled while she prayed for my happiness; but my father thought of the splendor of the alliance and rejoiced therein."

"The time approached for our union, and the care, attention and tenderness of my affianced husband made me almost forget what then I had hardly time to think upon amid the congratulations, the preparations, and the festivals that were to celebrate our marriage. Every one, too, assured me how certain I was of happiness, and I endeavored

ed too—yes, I did—believe it. I gave myself up to the intoxication of an unsanctified hope, and I fought against my doubts and Christian terrors; it was the last Sunday before our marriage, and we were to take the sacrament together. He had agreed with so much seeming pleasure that we should do so; that I hailed it as a happy omen; and on the memorable Sabbath morning entered a bower whose roses and jasmine had been twined by his hands—which made them doubly dear to me. It was a bright and balmy day—the sprays were bending beneath the dewdrops, and the air was heavy with perfume; everything was hushed and silent—even the song of the bird was tempered in its sweetness; and I prayed—oh! how fervently prayed, that I might—that we might together find 'the way, the truth, and the life.'"

"I had escaped from the tumult of company to commune with my own heart, and He, to whom all hearts are open, knows, that I prayed more for him than for myself. Suddenly, the church-bell sounded in my ear, and I rose to attend its blessed summons. I was pushing back the silver stars of a clustering jasmine that curtained the arbor's entrance, when I saw the object of my prayer coming towards me; perhaps I would not have drawn back had he been alone, but an intimate friend, who was to have been his groomsmen, was with him, and I shrank beneath the shade. As they approached, they laughed and talked together and so loudly that I heard what one of them would have given worlds I never had heard."

"The sacrament will take up so much time, that I cannot meet you as I intended." This sentence attracted my attention; though when indeed did he speak that I was not attentive? Oh, how I shuddered at what followed!

"Then why do you go? Why submit to what you despise? I would not do it for any woman upon earth!"

"I would do more than that for Rachael; but when once away from this, she will get rid of her early prejudices, and become one of the world; her mind is comprehensive, and her love for me will tend to teach her the superiority of rational over formal religion."

"To have a preaching wife—to be obliged to sing psalms on Sundays, and take the sacrament once a month—a pretty prospect of domestic felicity!"

"Pshaw—you do not suppose that my present life is a type of what is to come? No, no; I do not intend to be canonized under the denomination of *Saint Alfred*; but it pleases her, and believe me she is not half so bad as she was. I remember when she would not read a newspaper on Sunday?"

"Is it possible?"

"Fact—upon my honor. Now she is getting better and better; I must tolerate the mummery till we are married, and then—"

"Kate Kate, I heard no more. A torrent of bitterness overwhelmed me. The blessed sacrament to be termed 'mummery'—the man for whom I lived and prayed, to exult that his religion was declining—to plan its destruction! I do not ask you to pity me now, because my transgressions have been pardoned—my race—ruin—my sorrows ceased their troubling—my spirit found its rest—but then, or rather when restored to perfect consciousness, you have pitied me."

"For weeks I could not leave my bed; the delirium of brain fever for a time spared me worse agonies, but the temptation was with me still. I knew Alfred's attention had been unremitting—that he had watched over me—they said he had prayed for me. Oh! to whom was he to pray? his people were not my people, his God not my God. And yet I loved him—loved him in my heart of hearts—prayed for him; Kate, I pray for him still—at noon, at midnight by the wayside, and in secret; his name is on my lips! My mother, though she knew by bitter experience that two can never be as one, except in the Lord—she almost wishes me to perform my contract she feared that, though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak—and she talked of the believing wife saving the unbelieving husband. It might be so; and had I married, believing that he believed, I would have born my cross; but the film had been graciously removed from mine eyes—he was an acknowledged infidel, regarding the holy ordinances of religion as mummeries. Could I look up to, select such a one as my guide through life? My father spurned me from him—talked of the lands which I had lost—the station I had cast away? My bridemaids mourned that their splendid dresses could not be worn; and you, Kate, a little fairy of five years old, wept bitterly the loss of the cake. But oh! when he, the loved one, promised to be all I desired;

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"For weeks I could not leave my bed; the delirium of brain fever for a time spared me worse agonies, but the temptation was with me still. I knew Alfred's attention had been unremitting—that he had watched over me—they said he had prayed for me. Oh! to whom was he to pray? his people were not my people, his God not my God. And yet I loved him—loved him in my heart of hearts—prayed for him; Kate, I pray for him still—at noon, at midnight by the wayside, and in secret; his name is on my lips! My mother, though she knew by bitter experience that two can never be as one, except in the Lord—she almost wishes me to perform my contract she feared that, though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak—and she talked of the believing wife saving the unbelieving husband. It might be so; and had I married, believing that he believed, I would have born my cross; but the film had been graciously removed from mine eyes—he was an acknowledged infidel, regarding the holy ordinances of religion as mummeries. Could I look up to, select such a one as my guide through life? My father spurned me from him—talked of the lands which I had lost—the station I had cast away? My bridemaids mourned that their splendid dresses could not be worn; and you, Kate, a little fairy of five years old, wept bitterly the loss of the cake. But oh! when he, the loved one, promised to be all I desired;

ed too—yes, I did—believe it. I gave myself up to the intoxication of an unsanctified hope, and I fought against my doubts and Christian terrors; it was the last Sunday before our marriage, and we were to take the sacrament together. He had agreed with so much seeming pleasure that we should do so; that I hailed it as a happy omen; and on the memorable Sabbath morning entered a bower whose roses and jasmine had been twined by his hands—which made them doubly dear to me. It was a bright and balmy day—the sprays were bending beneath the dewdrops, and the air was heavy with perfume; everything was hushed and silent—even the song of the bird was tempered in its sweetness; and I prayed—oh! how fervently prayed, that I might—that we might together find 'the way, the truth, and the life.'"

"I had escaped from the tumult of company to commune with my own heart, and He, to whom all hearts are open, knows, that I prayed more for him than for myself. Suddenly, the church-bell sounded in my ear, and I rose to attend its blessed summons. I was pushing back the silver stars of a clustering jasmine that curtained the arbor's entrance, when I saw the object of my prayer coming towards me; perhaps I would not have drawn back had he been alone, but an intimate friend, who was to have been his groomsmen, was with him, and I shrank beneath the shade. As they approached, they laughed and talked together and so loudly that I heard what one of them would have given worlds I never had heard."

"The sacrament will take up so much time, that I cannot meet you as I intended." This sentence attracted my attention; though when indeed did he speak that I was not attentive? Oh, how I shuddered at what followed!

"Then why do you go? Why submit to what you despise? I would not do it for any woman upon earth!"

"I would do more than that for Rachael; but when once away from this, she will get rid of her early prejudices, and become one of the world; her mind is comprehensive, and her love for me will tend to teach her the superiority of rational over formal religion."

"To have a preaching wife—to be obliged to sing psalms on Sundays, and take the sacrament once a month—a pretty prospect of domestic felicity!"

"Pshaw—you do not suppose that my present life is a type of what is to come? No, no; I do not intend to be canonized under the denomination of *Saint Alfred*; but it pleases her, and believe me she is not half so bad as she was. I remember when she would not read a newspaper on Sunday?"

"Is it possible?"

"Fact—upon my honor. Now she is getting better and better; I must tolerate the mummery till we are married, and then—"

"Kate Kate, I heard no more. A torrent of bitterness overwhelmed me. The blessed sacrament to be termed 'mummery'—the man for whom I lived and prayed, to exult that his religion was declining—to plan its destruction! I do not ask you to pity me now, because my transgressions have been pardoned—my race—ruin—my sorrows ceased their troubling—my spirit found its rest—but then, or rather when restored to perfect consciousness, you have pitied me."

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